

CPYRGHT



# The Neutrals Now

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I cannot get Major Rudolf Anderson Jr. out of my mind.

The thought will not go away that a time may come when it will be a tradition for Americans—and foreigners as well—to place wreaths at the grave of the U-2 pilot shot down over Cuba, our one casualty in the the showdown, our "known soldier" representing hosts of others who did not die, in one of history's most decisive victories.

It is too soon to be sure. The balance of power has been preserved, but the Cuban threat is not entirely liquidated. Russia's long-overdue setback and her alarm over the Chinese attack on India have not yet yielded evidence of a reorientation of Soviet policy and the herald of a new world equilibrium with Russia essentially on the side of the West, fulfilling the prophecy of de Gaulle. Should this miracle come, we would then think of Cuba as its point of origin; John F. Kennedy would surely be immortalized as one of our greatest Presidents and Major Anderson as the martyr who died for us all.

That is for the future. For now, we know that a clearing of the fetid, confused intellectual air has started in Europe, in Asia, in Latin America. What has begun to begin is a new sense of reality, an end to innocence, and understanding at long last that neutralism, if not "immoral," as John Foster Dulles claimed, is a worthless stance for many countries, devoid of safety as well as of the "moral power" so long and so spuriously claimed for it. I omit the new African regimes. They will not soon abandon their notion that singly or collectively they can somehow affect the course of world power, because without this notion they would commit political suicide on the international scene.

I am thinking chiefly of India, Brazil and Britain, our most important friends in Asia, Latin America and Europe. Nehru has already shown the courage and candor to admit that he and his people have been living in "an artificial atmosphere of our own creation."

Because of the same illusions plus domestic

pressures, Brazil had started down the road to what seemed to me neutralism, however insistently labeled independence in foreign policy. It began under Quadros and continued under Goulart. Perhaps, now, Brazilian politicians will release us from our unmerited role as chief whipping boy for their tribulations and recognize that we have no designs on Latin America, save its stability and security.

The British government quickly grasped the importance of the Cuban crisis and stood fast behind President Kennedy. Yet I must include Britain as one of the three critical countries needing an intellectual housecleaning, because most Americans, so instinctively inclined to respect and reliance where Britain is concerned, have never understood the British state of mind in recent years.

An American in London could endure the envy and resentment of U. S. wealth and power, expressed in endless condescending, if witty, slurs, even in Conservative circles, knowing that the Conservative government would stand up and be counted in the test. But what was alarming was the deep hold of the vague, unrealistic but serious belief that American and Russian policies were equally noxious, that our diplomacy was dangerously brassy and bumbling, that if we would stop shoving at Russia she would stop shoving at everybody else.

I left England a year ago reluctantly convinced that pro-Communists were wielding influence inside some of Britain's most important publications and broadcasting offices. There is at least one regular television program of national following which has not yet had a good word to say about America or a bad word to say about the Soviet Union. When the President delivered his ultimatum to Khrushchev, only two of Britain's major publications, the Telegraph and the Express, grasped the historic necessity of driving the ultimatum through. All the others wavered, giggled or clapped so disorganized a British opinion.